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No. 41

## NOT AT HOME.

BY E. R. ENGLE.

When the pallid shades of Envy,  
Hated, blander at the door,  
Gather 'neath the sunlight paling,  
Chase the phantoms evermore,  
When the trouping goblins come,  
Be the answer, "Not at home!"  
When the shadows unobtrusively  
Doubt, with Fear, and black despair,  
Gather round Love's inmost places,  
Chase the specters with a prayer!  
When the haunting evils come,  
Be the answer, "Not at home!"  
When Distrust with barbed arrows  
Seeks thy trustful heart to wound;  
And upon thy path of duty  
Languid forms gather round;  
Armed of Justice, when they come,  
Close the gateway! "Not at home!"  
But when Love and Peace and Friend-  
ship  
Gather at the inner door,  
Open wide the sunbright portals,  
Welcome angels evermore!  
When sweet household Virtues come  
Be thy heart and soul—"at home!"

## WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of "A Woman's Love," "Wings from the Grave," "Husband to Which," etc.

### CHAPTER V.—[Continued.]

The man in seeming unconsciousness of the traveler's attention, still leaned over the side of the boat and vigorously plied his oar, giving, as it appeared, but a monosyllabic word of direction to the equally mute steersman on the opposite side. He was clad in a coarse, shaggy coat, and large, loose trousers. He had on a vest of untanned cow's hide, with the hair of various colors, bristling below his dark, uncombed whiskers, that grew well high to his waist, and almost entirely hid a soiled red silk handkerchief that had been loosely tied about his gottred throat. His face was tanned to unnatural darkness by constant exposure to wind and sun, and long and severe muscular exertion had caused the veins in his brawny half-shaven arms and hands to protrude like whip cords.

Presently Castleton Vane came back again in his restless walk. "Did I not see you on the wharf at Aubrey, talking with one Ned Scott, about an hour before we started this morning?" he asked again.

"I don't know whether you did or not," replied the man, gruffly.

"Well, did you talk with any such person?"

"Yes."

"Have you known him long?"

"How long?"

"The devil, man! A year, six months, two years; any time before to-day or yesterday."

"Yes."

"He was our traveling companion for several weeks."

"Yes."

"I was surprised to find him tarrying in Aubrey so long," said Castleton, with a pre-occupied air. "He had taken leave of us down the river, affirming that he must hurry on, and yet he has only left Aubrey an hour ahead of us."

"Yes. A man may be delayed—may change his mind in various ways, may be not."

"I know of no law, save those which constitute firmness of character to forbid, I only wanted to ask if he were well known in this section?"

"Possibly so, sir," answered the boatman.

"It has struck me in the last few moments that there was something familiar in his face—something antedating our personal acquaintance that I cannot exactly locate," said Vane, half musingly.

"Did you ever know two people to meet, sir, that one did not remind the other of somebody he had met before?"

"Rarely, I believe," answered Castleton, with a smile. "And yet a suspicion has come into my mind—but no, I will not speak of that. I am growing as whimsical as any woman. Do you know whether this Ned Scott will tarry at Molave?"

"I do not know—I think not," said the man in some confusion. "Are you anxious to meet him again?"

"By heavens! no!" replied Castleton unhesitatingly. "His sinister face haunts me like a nightmare. And yet I should like to meet him once more."

"You may have that pleasure yet, who knows?" said the man, while a flash of light broke for an instant from his dark eyes, though the single scintillation was gone again in a moment.

"My good fellow, you are several centuries behind your time," said young Vane, eyeing him curiously. "Had you been born in the middle ages you would have made an admirable Guy Fawkes?"

"And who may that be, sir?"

"Ah!" said Vane, with a start. "Forgive me. I have fallen into quite a habit of late of thinking aloud. Will you tell me your name, as we have some distance yet to go, and it is unpleasant addressing one simply as 'you'?"

"Which would you prefer? Like some others of my friends I am known by half a dozen—more or less," asked the man composedly.

"Well, we'll take the one under which you are passing at present, on this voyage, for example."

"Tom Sharpe."

"Well, Mr. Sharpe, your name is hardly appropriate, that is if you are as blunt to others as you seem to me," muttered Castleton, turning away.

"I'm thinking you'll have to look rather close, my spruce young dandy, or we'll prove too sharp for you," muttered the fellow, looking after him with a vindictive scowl upon his dark face. "Hull away there, boys," he cried aloud. "We must make good distance to-night! There is no time to spare," and in challenge to his command the boat moved on over the turgid waters of the Colorado.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE PROPOSAL.

The stars looked placidly down from their abode in the Heavens upon our anxious travelers as they still pursued their way, lighting up the waters and the picturesque shores with an almost magical beauty, defining grotesque figures as of living things among the trees and shrubbery on the banks, from which, however, no sound but the boom of some night bird, or the growl of a wild animal of the forests came.

Tom Sharpe and his companion had relapsed into their habitual sullen silence, and Castleton Vane was left to his own introspection or else to gaze in silence upon the weird, shifting panorama about him, for Harry Yates, the good-natured, ignorant fellow, who had accompanied them, was attending to his sick wife in another part of the boat, while the stranger, Lacy, his wife and sister, were seated up on a bench beyond him, conversing in a low tone about their own family matters. In this manner Castleton had been whistling an air familiar to his native hills, for half an hour or more, when the cabin door was opened, cautiously and Mrs. Grimshaw looked out. The young man moved eagerly towards her.

"Is Miss Dare still indisposed? Do you wish anything?"

"Her head is better she says, but she seems so sad, sir, that it is really heart-rending to look at her. I think it would do her good to come out here in the fresh air awhile and look around at the beautiful scenery."

"Thoughtful Mrs. Grimshaw!" he exclaimed, with a bow and smile. "That is just what I would have suggested. Present my compliments and say that I entreat her to join me here awhile. Her rest will be so much more refreshing if she will lose sight of her den for a little."

Mrs. Grimshaw again retreated, well pleased to execute his commission, and a few moments later Lacy came forth with a white worsted scarf thrown about her head and shoulders, and an expression of sadness upon her lovely face which she vainly endeavored to dispel, and which rent her lover's bosom with the keenest anxiety.

"Come," he said, drawing her arm through his, "and look out on as lovely a night as traveler in the tropics ever witnessed. No painter could do justice to this scene. And it impresses me with profound beauty now that I have you at my side."

"Hush, flatterer," said Lacy, with a faint smile, glancing strangely enough again to where Tom Sharpe sat like a grim statue in his seat. "I have been thinking all day how bitterly you must rue your undertaking—how much more bitterly you may still be destined to rue it. Ah! if anything should happen. I could never, never forgive myself, though I lived to the age of Methuselah."

"I pray you spare yourself all anxiety on my account, at least," said Castleton, pressing her hand impatiently. "I assure you if I could only see you as cheerful as when I first beheld you, I would ask no greater bliss of Heaven than that which I now enjoy—unless it were the assurance that I am never to be separated from you again."

"Hush! in Heaven's name! Oh, if you only knew, you would spare me!"

"Knew what?" he exclaimed, sorrowfully—"how thoroughly you despise me? Ah! Miss Dare, it requires no especial penetration to see that. It is quite evident to every one."

"You misunderstand me—cruelly misunderstand me," she faltered. "I—I—there are other reasons why I may not listen to you."

"There can be no reason except that you do not wish to hear me," he replied. "What other reason could there be for your refusing to listen to an honest man who loves you?"

"Cease!" she cried. "Do not, I implore you, mention the subject of love to me; it is a forbidden topic. You do not—must not love me," she went on incoherently. "It would blight your life and mine; you do not know who I am, or what I am. My life has been, and must still be, isolated and peculiar. Mine is a sinking, lost race. Never think to pursue me—never think to

be so mad as to unite your fortunes with mine. Rather thank Heaven that with a journey of one more day your change of me will end. You cannot be too far separated from me for your own good."

She had spoken in a low, half-frightened tone, yet with earnest, passionate persuasion in her voice, as though carried on by some pure impulse, in spite of herself, to warn him of some impending danger ere it might be forever too late, and when she had ceased the wan whiteness of her face, and the

both I put a seal upon your lips. I command you to silence, and repeat that we must speedily part—and part forever."

"And suppose I refuse to obey your commands unless you assure me that you can never love me?"

"Then let me make that assurance here and now," said Lacy in a choking voice. "I cannot—cannot love you."

Even in the moonlight she could see how this assertion moved him, and that he was turning away white with unutterable anguish that it broke her heart almost to behold. She had withstood his entreaties, but she could not endure his sorrow, and her heart went out timidly to his arm with a touch that thrilled him through and through, these three times to Mr. Thomas, because my trade compels me to; and down here you can look till you get tired, or sleep, as the humor seizes you in perfect security. But after you pass Hardyville you begin to feel a little queer."

"I regret it on account of the ladies," said Castleton, "but there is often a pleasure in the masculine spirit in 'roughing it' which no Bohemian life could afford."

"But there is such a being too rough," replied his traveling companion. "Or if an Indian tomahawk be smooth, it is by no means pleasant to the traveler in quest of the most stirring adventures."

"I should imagine not," answered Castleton with a smile. "But such disagreeable surprises being, I hope, exclusively to the past."

"A very recent past then," returned Lacy. "Only last week the report of a shocking murder of two wealthy citizens on their return home came to us below."

"Along the line?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"It was supposed by the Indians, though the whole coast here is infested by a number of outlaws."

"Has no effort been made to suppress them?" asked Vane anxiously.

"None as yet by the Government," replied the man gloomily. "For every affair until the last was involved in so much mystery as to render it next to impossible to arrive at the bottom of it. And on an uncertainty every one is afraid to invoke the investigation of any civil or armed authorities for fear he may lose his own life before he could give in his testimony."

"An such a thing be possible?" exclaimed Castleton wonderingly, "and still the world at large be kept in such profound ignorance of it. I had imagined the scattered whites and Indians here living in the most amicable relations with each other."

"And so might others who know nothing whatever of the circumstances," answered Lacy. "And yet I can tell you truthfully that when once Hardyville is passed, no man's life is safe along the line."

"And still you have ladies with you?"

"As others may have, perhaps. I could not help myself. They prefer, woman-like, to run every risk to which the man whom they love might be subjected, though in reality they would not be a great deal safer alone at home than with me."

"This must teach mothers and wives a lesson as unflinching as that of the Spartans," said Castleton. "But do you really believe the Indians to be at fault or is it the lawless and cutthroat whites who are again making a cat's-paw of the savage?"

"That is hard to tell. I am inclined to believe as you suggest, though, that the whites have a great deal to do with it."

"I might then have some adventures worth the name to relate, if ever I get back amongst my own people," said Castleton Vane, in a half-musing tone. "If any such adventures as those of which we have been speaking should befall you, you need not count on getting back," said Lacy. "They seldom risk such things except for malice or heavy robbery, and then they are apt to remember the old proverb that 'dead men tell no tales.'"

There was other not very pleasant food for every, and it was long after Castleton Vane had drawn his Mexican blanket about him and shut out the view of the dangling beavers and earth, ere he could begin to compose himself to sleep. Every hour it seemed was constituting him more and more the especial guardian and keeper of the woman he loved. The thought of new dangers to be encountered for her sake only drew his heart the more restlessly towards her, and he resolved that, come what would of change or fortune, he would never give over the hope of winning her until assured by every evidence that such triumph would be beyond even the range of possibility.

His mind was also busy forming plans for the protection of his own life and party on the remainder of the journey, which he was beginning to be devoutly thankful must soon be completed, unless something of a very extraordinary nature should interfere to prevent. He would tarry, long enough at Hardyville to secure a fresh supply of ammunition, to use his own had been in any manner damaged by the long sea voyage, and those that as many pistols as he and Vane could readily hide about their persons were in order for immediate use, should anything in reality occur to require them, and furthermore to see if he could discover any rational solution of the enigmas.

### CHAPTER VII.

CASTLETON VANE had remained wakeful and observant of all things about him until long after midnight, pondering upon Lacy's singular language and conduct, and turning back over all the circumstances of her life with which he was acquainted to see if he could discover any rational solution of the enigmas.



SCENE AT A CHURCH DOOR IN MADRID.







crust full, and cover the whole  
with a crust of mashed potatoes, making  
the centre above the edges of the  
crust with the point of a  
square of an equal size. Put the  
in the oven and bake it for half an  
hour until it is well browned.





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ANOTHER NEW ROMANCE.

A Fascinating Spiritualistic Serial.

NEXT WEEK.

We shall commence in the next number of the Post the publication of a new serial written expressly for our columns by Charles Leon Gumpert, of this city, called

ELAMA,

THE TWIN SOUL.

This romance treats in a remarkably absorbing manner of that modern wonder, Spiritualism, and has one of the most deftly-written and fascinating plots that we have ever seen in a work of fiction. We must congratulate the author on having chosen a field of narrative not occupied since Poe. The French writer, Flammarion, who has taken Poe's suggestions and woven them into fantastic and absorbing stories of other worlds, might have written "Elama." This fiction has a rich exuberance of ideas and situations, and its dramatic effect is heightened by an almost endless succession of thrilling episodes, in which the reader's attention is incessantly drawn from one wonder to another. The story grows breathlessly absorbing, as it proceeds. The character of the heroine develops itself, and the dark horror of some of the surroundings makes the picture of bright spirit life more intense and poetic. We can safely promise our readers a rich literary treat in "Elama."

THE QUALITIES OF A NOVEL.

The chief value of a novel is the interest it awakens in the reader as a new narrative of exciting circumstances. Plot has more to do with the success of a work of fiction than is commonly supposed. We read a story not as we read a volume of history or travels, but as we look at a picture, for its aesthetic effect upon us—its power of beauty. A newspaper account of a circumstance is interesting chiefly as it suggests to the imaginative mind this aesthetic quality, which in the novel is aesthetically expressed, and which is indeed the charm of the book. Authors who lack this power fail as fiction writers—become sermonizers, or dry narrators of bare facts, or historians or biographers. A novelist must be a poet. Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" gives a better picture of the times of Anne than all the histories of England put together.

Yet, after all, we read a story for its effect, its excitement and its sensation. All popular books have been of this kind. The people take hold of them and will not let them go, because they are so absorbing. Nothing detracts so from a pure story as a prosy digression, a long description of character or attire. These things ought only to be suggested by touches and broad effects.

The field for the novelist, instead of narrowing, as is supposed, is even more capacious than ever. The great writer of the future will leave the beaten and dismal tracks of fiction, and delight his readers in the "pastures new" of science and art, in the wondrous appliances of mechanical art and the discoveries in chemistry and astronomy and the kindred sciences.

Edgar A. Poe, who is unfortunately too little known, had lived, would have been America's greatest fiction writer. His vivid power, his analysis, the fascination of his style and themes, rendered him a far greater and profounder writer than Hawthorne or any of his successors; and Edgar A. Poe would have united in a work of romance all that which has been attained by Daudet, Murger, and other French writers, (who took their ideas from Poe), and even

more—he would have gone into the fields of enchanting fiction in which he was facile princeps, and the novelist of the future will have to follow in his footsteps and wear his mantle.

## ANNIHILATING FIRE.

Every now and then, when some great conflagration starts the public mind, individuals will start up, especially in large cities, with some new-fangled apparatus for extinguishing fire, which they will loudly protest will do the work far better than the system in vogue. The bulk of these inventions have a foundation in science, and are, no doubt, the result of patient and conscientious thought, but, in almost every instance so far, whilst all have proved moderately successful in a limited field, all have lamentably failed when put to work on a large scale. The latest experiment was made in this city some days ago, but, as usual, it turned out but a partial success. We think it is about time that people everywhere had abandoned the vain idea of trying to discover a better or more reliable fire annihilator than water, applied to the burning edifice by a well-regulated and well-manned fire department. Experience has abundantly shown that, under all ordinary circumstances, such a department is thoroughly effective, and can be depended upon. Patent fire extinguishers and the like may do to keep a conflagration in check until the steamers arrive, but it is useless to expect more of them.

## OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

All citizens of the United States, and especially of this Commonwealth, should need no second call to induce them to respond to the appeal of the Directors of the Permanent International Exhibition Company, which appears in another column of the Post, this week. This appeal is especially directed to those who hold stock in the Centennial Exposition of last year, and who, by virtue of the recent extraordinary decision of the United States Supreme Court, can count on but a microscopic remuneration for their patriotic investment. The Directors of the Permanent Exhibition propose to issue sixteen tickets of admission for every share of Centennial stock transferred to them, which in actual value will be much greater than the largest cash amount that any Centennial shareholder can hope to receive. Besides, the transfer will materially aid the Permanent Exhibition, and this consideration alone should be sufficient for determining the Exposition stockholders on what course they ought to pursue in the matter.

We believe firmly in advertising, and hence find it difficult to conceive what reason Anna Dickinson has for desiring to put a stop to Helen Potter's imitation of her acting in "A Crown of Thorns." All other actors and actresses strive to find imitators, and are never so happy as when they succeed in so doing, as they rightly consider that every time an audience is reminded of their existence they receive just so much additional reputation. Miss Dickinson, however, seems to have another view of the matter, and to desire no other popularity than that she can achieve for herself. If we were in Miss Dickinson's place, we should only be too glad to let Miss Potter advertise us as much as she wanted to.

There is a strong resemblance between the Irish and the French, and this resemblance is especially marked among the lower orders of the two nations. Not only in general looks alone does this similarity exist, but also in temper, taste and a thousand and one little personal peculiarities. This state of things may at first strike an observer as odd, but a little reflection will serve to show that it is in nowise strange, as both the Irish and the French are of Celtic extraction, and both have preserved in a remarkable degree the original marks of the mother race.

Musical talent is certainly a great harmonizer, and playing and singing surely fine accomplishments, but the majority of those who play and sing—of course we allude to amateurs and not professionals—go to work too superficially to produce anything more artistic than a mere babel of sounds. Music, to be effective and altogether pleasing, even in the home circle where criticism is not exacting, should be harmonious, and not convey the impression of "sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh." Of course, the amateur does not need to study the intricate theories of music, but a correct method, both in playing and singing, is absolutely necessary, if the player or singer would not become the tallest kind of nuisance to everybody within earshot. There is a sort of "familiar science" connected with music that can be grasped without trouble by all amateurs, and should meet with due attention at their hands. By thoroughly comprehending this "familiar science," and reducing it to practice, many who are now classed as mere "drummers" and "screamers" would grow to be, at least, acceptable players and singers.

CYCLOPAMIC views of large cities are now greatly in vogue. They are pretty to look at and really instructive, giving, as they do, a fuller and better idea of the cities represented than can be obtained from any other source, outside of actual observations of the cities themselves. There is one trouble connected with these cyclopanamas, however, and that is that the parties who deliver what is technically called the "lecture" (in other words, the description of the paintings), usually hurry through with their work in such a manner that it is impossible to follow them with any degree of satisfaction. Hence if one does not know the localities, or has not a guide book with explanatory diagrams handy, the cyclopanamas generally leave behind them a vague impression of their beauty, and that is all. It is certainly a great pity that the lecturers do not realize the fact that they should make themselves heard and understood by all the spectators.

## SHOWED.

The flashing light-house beam paints before the ruddy harvest moon's interior ray. That beam, and change into sparkling sea, the moon's great diamond spray.

Round the tall bridge the greedy ripple leaps, As with the shining tide they wildly sweep. A shore belated sea-bird slowly flaps His strong-plumaged dusky wing.

The pier-lights, imaged on the waters, meet To pierce the pillars, such as visions show Of palaces whose faded Caliphs dwell In legends long ago.

A single boat steals down the moonlit track— Through the still night its car-streaks echo far. Fringed with soft light, the outline sharply black, Leaves on the harbor bar.

What strange freight lies in 'Tonder leamy' sail? Covers some form of blar'd and shagelous dream? Rude is the sail, but fitted well to veer! The ocean's outward door.

His name, his story? Vain it were to guess. But short to sum a wail, a mystery? Death's moaning gloom upon life's loveliness, A source of the sea.

## WOMAN AND ARTIST.

Adelaide Ristori and the Marquis del Grillo.

Translated from the German.

BY E. J. M.

## CHAPTER I.

THE SACRIFICE OF ART.

The Apollo Theatre in Venice was thronged with the glowing world of the city of Lagunes to witness the appearance of a new theatrical star of the first magnitude. Adelaide Ristori, the only tragic actress, who, subsequently, was regarded as an equal of Rachel, performed in Giacomini's drama of "Paolo e Francesca," and by the natural truth and passion style of her acting, excited the audience to the loudest applause. Wreaths of flowers, and of laurel, were showered on the stage, and after almost every scene was the triumphant artist called out.

Born in humble life, Adelaide had very early to battle for existence. Poverty stood at her cradle, and care swept as a dark cloud through the heaven of her childhood. With iron energy she had opened her way to the theatre. She knew that the hard and bitter every-day movement of spare no effort to make it available. She had begun to play when quite young at the small theatres, in minor pieces, and gradually rose to higher parts until she finally became the leading actress at the chief theatres of Italy.

Her beauty was an important aid to her success. The classic purity and regularity of her features, her fine Grecian profile, her dark glowing eyes, and the symmetry and graceful proportions of her person prepossessed all hearts in her favor. She had, besides, a beautiful, clear and well-articulated voice. It was no wonder, with all these attractions, that Mademoiselle Ristori soon became the ruling planet in the theatrical firmament.

In one of the boxes, nearest the stage, sat a young, elegantly-dressed gentleman, all jealousy watched every movement of the artist. Every time when the house shook with the tremendous applause, an expression of anxiety and anger settled on his somewhat aristocratic features, and once, as a peculiarly significant and tasteful bouquet fell directly before the actress, he involuntarily made a threatening movement. He seemed as if he would leap down among the mass of spectators, and call the too ardent admirer to account for his zealous homage.

The last act had begun. Adelaide had to perform in the part of an insane person. It was known that, to perfect herself, she had studied insanity, at the risk of her life, in mad houses. The wild enthusiasm so natural to the excitable temperament of the Italian, reached its greatest height on this occasion. A perfect tempest of flowers, wreaths, and poetic epistles overwhelmed the actress.

She answered these demonstrations of applause with the most gracious smiles and courtesies. With an expression of the highest displeasure in his face, the young nobleman drew back in his box. The curtain fell finally for the last time. The crowd pressed to the doors. The young actress enveloped herself in her silk cloak, and quickly mounted into her carriage, which swiftly bore her to her residence.

An elegant, comfortably-furnished apartment received her. A silver photograph lamp cast a bright light on the marble table on which a tea-kettle was simmering over a spirit flame. Through the open window balsamic perfumes of spring swept into the apartment. The stars glimmered in the dark blue heavens of the night. All around breathed quiet, comfort and peace.

The artist, yet under the influence of the increase of the worshipping crowd, with the aid of her chambermaid, divested herself of her dress, and then lay down in rapture on the soft divan. A joyous smile played around her lips. With charming grace she prepared the tea, and she had already filled a cup of the aromatic beverage, when the maid came again into the room and announced:

"His Excellency, the Marquis del Grillo! Signora Ristori could scarcely suppress a movement of impatience. "Tell him he is welcome, Maitea," she directed, but the gay smile died upon her lips, and an earnest, thoughtful expression settled on her brow.

In the next moment entered the young man, who in the theatre, had given such dark signs of his dissatisfaction. "Good evening, Giuliano!" she heartily exclaimed, proffering him both her hands. He took only the right hand and kissed it. A slight smile spread over his unquiet, quivering features. He looked, deeply moved, for at least a minute, in her large, beaming eyes.

She met his gaze anxiously. "Sit down, Giuliano," she said to him in the softest tone of her voice. "You are excited, as ever, when I have the fortune to please. Oh, Giuliano! When will you elevate yourself to the height of a full man—an unprejudiced, clear-sighted man, with a broad scope of view, and high-toned way of thinking?"

"Adelaide!" exclaimed the young nobleman, impetuously, "if you had the least idea of the torments which suffer, when I see with what deep sensibility you play the loving woman, so truly, so inexorably natural, that all the passions of my heart cry out: 'who loves' also loves that gallant, brave, spiritual knight!" and when I gaze

your whole soul poured out for others in ecstatic ecstasies, and see them revelling in the light of your smiles, while so little of sympathy is reserved for me, it drives me to despair."

"Giuliano," she resumed in a mild and genial manner, "are you not, indeed, capable of understanding the double life of an artist? Is it impossible for you to imagine, in me, the woman from the actress? Do you believe that I cannot be a famous tragedienne, and a loving wife also? The soul to art, the heart to my husband? You should think of this, Giuliano."

"I cannot—I will not comprehend it, Adelaide. Oh, I have another ideal of a woman—an entirely different one. Happiness within and without, nothing to the world, everything to the family. Every smile, every look, pure and true to the man of her choice. Withdrawing from everything strange, outside of her pure, tranquil sphere, and reflecting back through the mirror of her soul upon her family and herself all that is truly beautiful and noble. This, look you, Adelaide, is the image of the kind of woman we should honor. But a tragedienne, who gives her whole soul to all she undertakes, as you Adelaide—no day Medea devoured by an all-consuming passion, to-morrow the poetic image of love, as Juliet, and the next day a Macbeth fury! No, Adelaide, how could you have even the time to be a perfect wife and mother?"

"Oh, Giuliano!" replied serenely the young lady, "do not doubt that a great, supernal devotion to art can exist alongside of the domestic virtues, and that the mother of the famous heroes of all times and nations! They were great and renowned women."

"No, Adelaide!" he interrupted in a tone of quiet resolution, "they were gentle, quiet women, in no sense of the word, no one knew them. They faithfully performed their peculiar duties. Their motto was: 'Great at home, little to the world,' and for that they were the best of women."

"It is useless to argue with you on this point, Marquis. I am, indeed, too weak in understanding to convince you. Well, then, give me up."

"No, never!" excitedly exclaimed the Marquis, as he started to his feet. "I would rather die than give you up, Adelaide!" She laughed exultingly, while pacifying him, and pressing him gently to his seat, said: "You must be reasonable then, Giuliano, and not jealous and selfish in your love. You must put no obstacle in my soaring flight. If you truly love me, it will be easy for you to keep me."

He sighed and bowed his head in meditation. "When will you be ready to let me, Adelaide, solely—I mean in your sense?" he added, after a long pause.

"How shall I answer you this question, Giuliano? When I shall be Marquis—your spouse—your wife."

He smiled. "When you shall have gained fame and honors, I will write to my father, and again ask his consent. This he must grant. After the success of this evening there can be no more doubt of your world-wide fame, than of my father's consent. I came here only to ask if your inclinations for me have changed."

"For Heaven's sake, no! How often shall I tell you so?" interrupted the tragedienne, the doubt!

The Marquis arose and respectfully kissed the hand of the beautiful woman. She looked after him with a melancholy nod of the head, as he retired. "An obstacle to my ambition," she whispered to herself. "Him only I love. What would become of Giuliano if I did not love him?"

A week after, the young nobleman, all radiant with joy, entered the chamber of his beloved. He rushed up to her as she was rising to her feet, and exclaimed: "Dearest Adelaide! Soon will I be able to greet you as my bride. I hold in my hand the consent of my father."

She received the news more quietly than he expected. "I am glad, Giuliano, that the Marquis, your father, has removed the barrier of rank from between us," she said, in a soft tone.

"Will you not then dissolve your engagement, Adelaide, immediately, this very moment?"

She looked at him, astonished. "Of what are you thinking, Giuliano? My engagement stands for yet ten representations. I must keep my pledged word."

"I hope you will, as Marquis del Grillo, be able to overcome this passionate inclination for the theatre, Adelaide."

She shrugged her shoulders, as she gently passed her hand over her pale brow. A stern conflict was painted in her features. "I will try to live only for you, Giuliano," she slowly and tranquilly replied. "Here, take my hand on it."

The marriage of the young pair took place on a beautiful spring day in 1840. The young woman left the stage to follow her husband to his estate. Now, she lived in a splendid palace. She wandered through magnificently decorated apartments, made long promenades in the wide-extended park that surrounded the princely palace, and rode in elegant carriages over the surrounding country.

She was often seen sitting at the great bow-window on the ground floor of the palace, the walls of which were hung with the ancestral portraits of the del Grillo family, her expressive face resting upon her snow-white arm, her eyes half-closed, as it were, from weariness and discontent. The former spiritual and speaking expression of her beautiful features had entirely disappeared. Now, only sadness and vagueness were to be seen reflected in her almond-shaped eyes. With difficulty, after the exertions of an artist, could she reconcile herself to the petty and contracted relations of her new mode of existence. There were all the struggles with the aristocratic prejudices of her husband's connections. Adelaide possessed a true artistic nature, and, as such, was sensitive and unstable in the highest degree. The slightest disrespectful allusion to her artistic career threw her into feverish vexation, and it was not, therefore, to be wondered at, that she was but little beloved in such a circle, and that she felt ill at ease.

## CHAPTER II.

BACK TO THE FOOTLIGHTS' GLARE.

Four years had passed. The Marquis appeared to have lost all remembrance of her former career. She at least bore a tranquil exterior in the society of her husband, and sought to fulfill all his wishes. He thought her reconciled to her condition, and was rejoiced at it, without dreaming that her marble-like tranquility was but a mask, that concealed the most ardent enthusiasm for the dramatic art.

It was a very beautiful and warm day in May when her husband entered her boudoir, from which a glass door opened on an orange-decked balcony on the South, from whence there was a charming view of the verdant valley and the picturesque mountains that hemmed it in. He was astonished not to find Adelaide, and to see the apartment in which he had been accustomed to breakfast with her, all in disorder. Terror-struck, he fastened his eyes on a water-colored letter that lay on the dark polished

writing-desk. In passionate haste he broke it open, and as quickly glanced over the few but deeply important lines:

MY DEAR GIULIANO—A life of splendor and luxury, a name of high lineage and immense riches, cannot compensate me for the sacrifice of an artistic life. I have tried to stifle the voice of my feelings; I have done so for a time, but in vain. No agony with me, dear Giuliano, if I again devote myself to the career from which I reluctantly turned away.

YOUR EVER TRUE

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

He stood as if he were hewn out of marble, and gazed bewildered around him. "I might have known this," he muttered to himself as he struck his brow with his clenched fist. Whoever has tasted the intoxicating poison, called public favor, or the applause of the multitude, is lost for every other sphere of life and for every other pursuit. But where can she be? Whether has she flown?"

He ran over in his mind the scenes of her former activity. He first recalled Venice and Naples, and then Rome and Florence. He immediately made such preparations as might enable him to leave his estate for a protracted period, and then he took extra post for Venice. There he made the minutest inquiries, but no one could give him the least information respecting the further whereabouts of the actress. He visited the principal Italian cities, but with no better success. Suspicion next took possession of his mind, and in place of sympathy, he was seized with a consuming rage. Why, if she was a true and loyal artist, and therefore a frank and truthful soul, had she not indicated the place to which she had gone? Had he, her husband, not a right, above all others, to such a proof of her confidence? He wished to dispense the faithless creature and to separate entirely from her, but he could not. His strong love for her continually furnished him with excuses for her conduct. He traveled back to his home, in the hope of finding some agreeable intelligence of his wife, but it was in vain. He visited St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Vienna, Paris, London, but no theatrical manager could give him any news of Adelaide del Grillo. On the verge of desperation, after six weeks' absence, he entered a small town in Lombardy, not far from the Austrian frontier.

He stopped at an inn, which, from its exterior, seemed the best in the place. In an mood of mind he sat down before a bottle of wine in his chamber, and gave his thoughts free course. He had, in all, not lived unhappily with his wife. Her worldly wisdom, her clear, steady judgment formed a strong contrast to his fickle character, affected by every gust of feeling. The feeling of desolation, and solitude in his heart, no external distractions could dissipate. His longing for his wife perpetually tormented him. He felt, only too surely, that he could not much longer support such a state of mental suspense.

A newspaper on the next table arrested his attention. It was the organ of the town and neighborhood; his eye mechanically wandered over the numerous advertisements that covered the thin, coarse paper on which it was printed. The sheet trembled in his hands, as he fixed his eye upon an advertisement in large Roman letters:

THEATRE OF LIBANO—MONDAY Sept. 14, 1850. Francesca di Rimini. Appearance of the tragic actress, Adelaide Ristori.

"Adelaide Ristori an actress?" he repeated, as he passed his hand over his brow. "Am I awake, or do I dream? The celebrated Ristori an actress in the theatre of an obscure town of scarcely 4000 inhabitants! Among a company of strolling players! No, it is not possible!"

He rang the bell as if he would break the wire into a thousand pieces. The host, almost breathless, rushed into the room.

"What do you please to command, sir?" he inquired, anxiously.

"In what barn does the theatrical company of Signor Barocci perform?" he asked with a nervous smile and pointing to the advertisement.

"We have a town theatre," answered the host subduedly, "a small two-story building before the Roman gate, near the excavations. You cannot lose your way. When you leave the house turn to the right and go straight on."

"At what o'clock does the performance begin?"

"At eight o'clock this evening. Your Excellency has two hours yet. Oh, it is very amusing. All the chief people of the town will be there, for Ristori plays wonderfully well."

"So?" said the Marquis, sullenly. "Well, I will go also. Be kind enough to get me a ticket!"

The host gleefully fondled the gold piece which his guest threw on the table, and with a bow left the room.

Down the street, casting from time to time an impatient glance at the clock, the head servant appeared with a ticket and the bill of the play. He rapidly ran over the names upon it. Then he carefully dressed himself, took a carriage and proceeded to the theatre.

The carriage stopped before an ancient grey-colored building. The ornaments, in several places, had fallen off the weather-beaten facade, and the doors seemed decayed and ready to tumble down. Through a vestibule, which looked more like a coach-house than a space dedicated to art, he arrived in a closed box, opposite the stage. Giuliano took his seat in it with an ironical smile. The desolation and the peculiar gloominess of the damp interior exactly suited his feelings. The numerous magnates of the place, who had assembled there, excited him to a derisive sneer.

The laurels that Adelaide expected to gather from such an audience were of a doubtful nature. He had to wait long until the eight village musicians, who composed the orchestra, entered and tuned their instruments. Then new lights were lit up, and the whole space became brilliantly illuminated, and the curtain rose.

Yes, there she was, the incomparable Adelaide, who seemed the personification of poetic beauty. How majestic she stood before him. How her dark eyes flashed, her raven locks waved! How tender and full of soul seemed the words as they fell from her lips. How every motion was adapted to the spirit of the part, without impairing its grace or charm. The Marquis had leaned over the edge of the box. He, above all others, should have known how a true actress holds in perfect control the expression of her features. There was no smile, no easily understood movement of the eyes directed towards him. And yet he had hoped to startle her with his unexpected appearance. He had given to his face a scornful, contemptuous expression.

In vain. Adelaide Ristori was that night Francesca di Rimini, and had no time to enter into an exchange of glances with her unhappy husband, the Marquis del Grillo.

"The faithless!" he muttered to himself. He wished to leave the town and never again to see the woman to whom he was so little indebted. But what are the resolutions of man worth, when conceived in a moment of passion? No! his anger, his contempt, should never learn.

"Where does she reside, the Marquis?"

I mean Ristori?" asked he of the box-keeper, as he passed out, closely wrapped up in his cloak.

"There in the Opelia hotel, opposite the theatre," was the brief answer.

The windows of the designated hotel were dark. It was yet a full hour to the close of the performance. He resolved to pass the time in the guest room, the windows of which opened on the courtyard. It was but little raised; only three or four persons closely engaged in conversation, sat at the table near the door. They paid no attention to him as he took a seat in a corner and called for a bottle of Syracuse wine.

"In what room does the Mademoiselle lodge?" asked he of the host, as he appeared with the wine.

"Eccellenza means Madame," he said, laughing.

"And so," he whispered to himself, "she, at least, does not deny the dignity of womanhood."

"Madame! the Marquis Adelaide Ristori del Grillo occupies the apartment on the right of the first story," exclaimed the host, in a self-satisfied tone.

He had hardly spoken when the door opened and ten or twelve ladies and gentlemen, laughing and talking, entered. It was a curious group, and it needed but little sagacity to perceive that they were the strolling players of the theatre across the street. At first, as in the tall, slender lady, in a velvet cloak, who sat down between an elderly gentleman and a little brunette, he recognized his Adelaide, he trembled with emotion, and the dark red of an angry flush shot across his face.

He drew back yet deeper into the dark corner, in order that he might look on undisturbed. He saw how unreservedly his wife conversed with her table companions, but he saw how freely she shared her share of the repast. No trace of the discontent and weariness, of which she had previously so often complained, was visible on her countenance, beaming with beauty and youth. Unable any longer to master his feelings, he stepped before the table, with the words: "Adelaide! good evening, Madame the Marquis del Grillo! There is no lack of amusement here, as it appears!" The last words died in the bitter laugh which closed his remarks.

"Good evening, dear Giuliano!" responded a friendly voice, as Adelaide rose and proffered him both her hands across the table. "You have indeed found me, and you will now no doubt accompany me. That is good of you. Yes, dear Giuliano, I live now more happy, since I tread again the flowery paths of art."

"Of a truth they are beautiful ways which lead through petty town theatres, obscure theatres. I congratulate you on your promenade—and on the society in which I saw you. The Marquis del Grillo as an actress in a strolling company of comedians! Ha, ha, ha! It is enough to kill one with laughing."

She regarded him as tranquilly and steadily as ever. He could not support her gaze so full of harmony, and he turned away his eyes.

"Dear Giuliano!" she replied, with a friendly earnestness, "do not make a scene here—not here! As much as I love the like on the stage, I hate it in real life. Follow me to my room, and I will explain all."

The Marquis Giuliano del Grillo, my lord and master, my husband! In a few minutes I am at your service."

While the dumfounded actors silently rose, and respectfully bowed, the young wife gave a sign to the host. He took a light and went ahead of the party. Giuliano unconsciously, as it were, followed. He found himself under the influence of his highly endowed wife, upon whose manners and conduct since he had seen her, there was not the slightest stain or reproach.

They reached the first of the comfortable boudoir. Adelaide placed the light, which she had taken from the host, on the table, sat down in a velvet chair, and said laughingly:

"Take a seat, dear Giuliano, we are entirely to ourselves. What do you particularly need?"

"What do I want?" asked he with amazed vexation; "















